

I have the
ulmost
satisfaction
in my
"Pleasant"
series

135 Malton St. Oxford
July 29, '94

My dearest mother:
Oh dearie me! Nothing but
a "terrible" bundle of papers this
steamer. What was my sister doing that
she didn't have time to write to me?
Laurie sent me a good little letter,
though, and I shall send my next
midweeker to him, but I'll forward
Jeanne a paper or something, so you
may know I am all right.

It's a passing old rain and we are,
for a wonder, weekly staying in. No,
it was pouring when I began my
letter, but as I look up now to verify
my statement, it's only "drizzle," which
means the rains are gray mist and
everything is soaking wet. Katharine is
proposing to take the Democratic walking
trip with Florence Warren, and I have

had out my old diary and the blushing
Baedeker and been mapping out their
way with vast enthusiasm. I want to
go myself, but a fortnight of toothache
and a fortnight of cold have hindered
me so in my work that "I prefer" the
Bodleian to even beautiful Clarendon.
It has been a stave of a cold, but is
yielding now to genuine and I shall
soon be in prime condition. Katharine
does not think the Oxford air good
for her and persistently grows thinner,
yet she seems vigorous and happy.
But her walking trip will take her
off for a week, and we shall be in
harder need more, and at the lakes,
we hope, for the last few days, so
I don't think Oxford will take all the
flesh away from her. Sam and I
have no such luck in getting rid
of ours.

The town is full of Americans, but

Boston Ladies next door, Mrs. French,
mother of the Miss French who died at
Wellesley, a few doors above, and Miss
Hunt of Wellesley a door or two below. Mrs.
Craw of Chicago University arrives this
week, and we met a Cambridge girl in
the Creamery yesterday. The 13 Baltimore
doctoresses go Tuesday, taking breakfast
with us that morning. Miss Warren
comes to dinner tonight. I took tea with
Miss Warren Friday and met an English
amateur whose novels I hadn't read,
also her niece, also her dog, Kate, car-
ried in a blanket and so sensitive in
nervous temperament that when two
people spoke at once or any stir or bustle
arose, she yelped in agony of spirit
till we assumed again a genteel
calm.

We went to London Thursday morn-
ing and, after leaving our baggage Miss
Kearney's and getting a light lunch,

drove at once to the House of Commons.
One policeman stopped us after another, but we shined our coach, and were driven into the sacred enclosure. There we were passed up countless flights of stairs, until a sergeant at arms received us and led us over crooked steps into blackness of darkness. We finally emerged in a little iron cage, through whose gilded grating we could catch faraway glimpses of galleries full of listening men, and feminine bonnets dimly visible behind other gratings, and, far below, the Speaker in flowing wig upon his throne, the three wigged secretaries writing at the head of a long table before him, and on his right the Government benches and the Radicals and Union-liberals and Labor Men, and on his left the Conservatives and the big, black-headed Irishmen. His mace, which Crumwell

unprudently called "a gilded bauble,"
lay on the table at the lower end. The
questions were going at some fifty ques-
tions being put to the various members
of the Government by their opponents, who
asked about everything from the imperial
survey over India to the workhouse diet
of "Enima Cucina." One Irish member
was naughty about his question, and
the Speaker sprang to his feet calling
"Order!" in thunder & tone, and gave
the naughty member a scholarly but
reprimand. Finally the house went into
a committee of the whole, and the
Speaker withdrew, big and all, to the
lobbies; the noise being immediately
diminished under the table as a sign
that the august presence was withdrawn.
There followed a sharp Irish debate,
Morley, Chamberlain, Healy and other
well known characters going in for the
fight. When it came to the division,
the house rose at 4 o'clock and adjourned.

the Government had carried its point,
and we came away, Mr. Bryce having
mercifully paid us a nice little visit.
We tried to get tickets for M^{me} Régine
in Sardou's comedy of M^{me} Sans-Gêne
that evening, but the office was closed
and the speculators had none. After
dinner, nevertheless, "we went round to
the theatre, trusting in our luck. But
the reserved seats were all sold. Admission
(four shillings) to the upper gallery was
still possible, but the columns of people
who were waiting for that £.30 rush
already reached half across the street.
A restaurant waiter, in his restaurant
uniform, suddenly came up to us and
said he would try to get us tickets,
-he that he could get us at the stage
door. We trusted him with a yellow-
boy and of that fellow (such is
England) did not bring us back but
very good six shilling tickets in the
fine balcony close to the stage, receiving,

as he expected, a shilling for his pains. We had to remove our bonnets and wraps in the cloak room and stand by the ladies about us were decolletée. We enjoyed the play immensely, slept like pussycats after it and came back to Oxford the next day. I took a cherry ice in a crumpling paper cup, and Katharine took a lemon squash, between acts. The dress in the boxes was well worth seeing.

I have begun the expenditure of your two pounds. As I understand it, my mamma wants one Bible, one jackknife, English pins, handkerchiefs and a pie knife. I have begun with the pie knife and gotten you a most amazing article of the date of Geo. III, our tyrants—at least a hundred years old, solid silver with a bone handle, as was the fashion of those venerable times. I have also gotten you the cunningest little present, which you can't see until

your birthday - unless I give it to
you earlier. I have one for Gertrude
just like it, but she can't see here
till Christmas.

With much love to all my dear
and dear Katharine

So disappointed not to have a letter.

✓ his wife



his

Mrs. C. F. Bates

Wellesley

U. S. A.

Mass.

